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AN ESSAY.

Straws swim upon the Surface; but Pearls Lie upon the Bottom.

By N. O. WALLACE.

PEARLS, June 26, 1874.

Pearls from the earliest ages have been regarded as among the most precious and valuable of earthly gems. They are found among the treasures of the deep, clustered on the rocks which lie hidden at the bottom of the sea. Men leave their happy homes and friends, with all the cherished associates which cluster around them, and launch out upon the deep waters of the ocean, that they may obtain their hidden treasures; and when they have reached the spot beneath which lie the pearl-banks, they dive into the depths of the sea, searching till they have obtained the coveted gem, when they again rise to the surface, bearing their hard earned prize. But alas! there are many, no doubt, who while searching for the treasures, have sunk never to rise, but are enmeshed in the bosom of the deep, there to slumber till earth and sea render up their jewels.

While there are but few who are enabled to obtain these gems, and only by the most hazardous and painful labor, there are pearls that lie within the grasp of all, that are far more valuable even than those obtained from the pearl-fishers of Ceylon, or the depths of the Persian Gulf.

We are all sailing upon the ocean of life, and it lies within our power, by careful study and patient application, to gather from its pearl-banks of knowledge these gems of virtue and truth, which will outlast all the jewels of earth. But while these pearls lie within the grasp of all, many are content to slumber in the bosom of the deep, there to slumber till earth and sea render up their jewels.

Fashion is probably among the most exciting of all the allurements which are thrown around us—it is the siren goddess, at whose shrine we all pay more or less homage, and it has no doubt been the ruin of many. Many have been lured astray by its subtle influence, and are only grasping at the pleasures which are floating around them, while they are recklessly forgetting that life is real—that they have any other mission than that of enjoyment. Alas! they have no, for true happiness is found in the quiet and tranquil feeling of the breast, when the heart beareth witness that we have performed our duty.

Nearly allied to fashion, is wealth, which by its corrupting influence is sweeping thousands to destruction. Many a promising youth, who has been trained and educated by pious parents, has, when starting upon life's voyage, been led by the influence of wealth and fashion, into the banis of vice and immorality—he is invited by gay and fashionable companions to partake of the wine as it sparkles in the glass—for the sake of fashion he accedes to their wishes, and partakes, perhaps for the first time, of the poisonous beverage. He suspects no evil, but one sin indulged leaves room for another—one straw grasped another floats swiftly on to fill its place, so step by step, he is led on from one sin to another until finally he paves the way to his destruction.

Empires and nations have, as recorded in the history of the past, been raised by wealth and prosperity to such a degree of pomp and power, and become so degenerate and presumptuous, as to defy the power of Him who gave them their prosperity, but ere they reached the summit of their ambition they fell. The Egyptians, who were once the most prosperous and wealthy nation of the earth, severely afflicted the chosen people of God, but Jehovah delivered Israel from their bondage; and Pharaoh with his host, in essaying to pursue them, was buried in the heart of the Red Sea. Thus, Egypt, corrupted

by its wealth and power, was for its great weakness overthrown. God led the Israelites, his chosen people, into Canaan, the land promised their forefathers, a country abounding in all the comforts and luxuries necessary for their happiness. Here they were separated from the gods of Egypt and permitted to worship the most High, the God of their fathers; here they built the sacred and holy city of Jerusalem, within whose walls was reared the beautiful and magnificent temple, whose sublime grandeur and beauty has never been equaled by the architecture of man. They became a prosperous and wealthy nation, and while they obeyed the commandments of God, no people were so honored of heaven. But as wealth and power increased, their morals became more and more corrupted; they forsook the path of wisdom and virtue, and were joined to the idols of the heathen, and finally the Most High, in accordance with divine prophecy overthrew them, and destroyed their cities and temples. Even chosen Israel could not withstand the temptations of wealth and fashion, but was led by their enticement to destruction. By retracing the history of individuals, cities and nations, we find that wealth and fashion are as straws swimming upon life's surface, which if followed, will allure us from the pearl-banks of virtue and truth and lead us on into the dark abyss of ruin; but by the cultivation of mind and truth, we may gather pearls from its depths, which will serve as ornaments to fit us for any position in life, and will sparkle in our crown throughout eternity.

In the holy scriptures we learn of a pearl more exceeding in value and precious, than all the gems of earth—the undying and immortal soul. Man created in the image of God, was placed in a state of infinite happiness, but by transgression he fell from his blissful state, and was plunged into the dark ocean of sin, from whence there was none found able to deliver him, until Christ looked down in pity upon him, and seeing him sinking deeper and deeper in the gulf of despair, He left his shining courts above and descended upon earth, where He suffered and even shed his own precious blood striving against sin. He even entered the dark portals of the tomb, and there grasping the pearl from the hand of Satan, he ascended from the grave, and having given counsel of heavenly wisdom, and cheering words of comfort to his disciples, he again ascended into the bright realms of glory, where he has gone to prepare a place for the reception of his jewels. Christ having delivered this immortal pearl from the gulf of sin, it lies within our power, by pure and virtuous actions, to brighten and fit it for his reception, or by sinful deeds to so blacken and tarnish it, as only to be fitted to be cast away as dross.

We have been laboring here together, to obtain the pearls of useful knowledge, and if we will only cherish the few truths which we have obtained, and continue to seek for those which yet lie hidden within the pearl-banks of science, we will ultimately reap the reward of our labors. But while we are laboring for the cultivation of the mind, let us not neglect the cultivation of the heart, which is of the utmost importance. We are all placed upon earth for some useful purpose, and it is the mission of the heart to guide and direct us through life; therefore, if the heart be uncultivated, though we may possess all the accomplishments of an intellectual education—our life will be but an empty dream—void and profitless. Then let us cultivate our hearts, and may we go forth in life, ever adopting as our sentiment the language of the poet, that

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul."

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way,
But to set each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

The hour of parting is now drawing near, in which the sacred link that has so strongly bound us in the social ties of friendship must be severed, but, kind friends, before departing we tender you our grateful thanks for your cheering presence to-night. Having labored here day after day in search of knowledge, it is most truly encouraging to greet at the close of our school so many kind and smiling friends. We thank you, aged fathers and mothers, who have gone so far upon your voyage, you whose hairs are silvered by the frosts of many winters, and whose brow is bedecked by the pearls of experience, we thank you, that you so kindly smile upon us, who are just launching our feeble bark upon the turbulent waters of life. Your voyage will soon be ended, while ours is just begun, and we tremble to think, that we so soon must take your place in the broad theatre of action. We will ever cherish a grateful remembrance of you, and when the great waters of despair are gathered around us, O, may the light of your example, ever act as a beacon light to guide us in the path of virtue, and may the encouraging smiles that we have received from you to-night, inspire us with new energy to struggle on, until life's battles are fought and its victories won.

Kind teachers, we sincerely thank you, for the kind admonitions, and faithful instruction which you have given us. And, dear companions, to you I tender the sincere gratitude of my heart for the kindness I have received from you.

Our associations must now cease—perhaps forever. It is sad to part without the assurance of meeting again, but every sweet has its bitter, and every sunbeam its corresponding shadow, so our happy school hours must be closed; but though the golden link which has united us as a school-band must now be broken, Oh, may the sacred ties of friendship never be severed, but rather strengthened with the parting.

When we leave this stage to take our place in the busy world, be assured that I will ever cherish a grateful remembrance of you, and, in the language of another—

"I hope you will all remember me,
If you on earth no more I see,
Should I stay with friends so kind,
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand."

So now, dear companions, kind teachers and friends, I bid you all farewell, hoping, that when done with life, our souls robed in spotless purity, may be transferred from earth to heaven, to sparkle forever within the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, where we will no more take the parting hand.

Jones, whose wife's maiden name was Eliza, confided to his destined biographer the fact that he once (and but once) after wedlock indulged himself in an allusion to the devil as the "father of Lize." Since that he has found it more conducive to mutual confidence to call people by their right names.

In San Francisco recently, at the funeral of a girl 13 years old, the pall-bearers were all girls of her age. They were dressed in white, each holding a white hand which was attached to the hearse, and they walked at the sides and rear of that vehicle.

A painter being asked to estimate the cost of painting a certain house, drew forth a pencil and paper and made the following calculation: "A nought is a nought; three into five twice you can't—I'll paint your house for fifty dollars."

An old clergyman spying a boy creeping through a fence exclaimed: "What crawling through a fence! Pigs do that." "Yes," retorted the boy, "and old hogs go along the street."

A Patriotic Document.

Col. Jno. F. House of Clarksville, having been solicited to become a candidate for Congress from the Nashville district, makes a patriotic response, from which we make the following extract, and commend it to the careful consideration of our readers:

The public offices of the country belong to no man, or set of men—they are created for the public good, and belong to the people. The incumbents of those offices are the agents of the people, and I recognize their right to select their own agents in their own way.

A convention may as well represent the people as any other method that can be resorted to and has the advantage of greater convenience over the modes that have been suggested to settle conflicting aspirations.

The disastrous campaign of 1872 admonishes us that we cannot hope for success with a division in our ranks and a multiplicity of candidates in the field. If we desire success let us have the manhood and patriotism to forget past dissensions, and thus adopt the only means by which it can be achieved.

United, we are invincible—divided among ourselves, we have been and can again be defeated.

If we do not desire success, let us stack our arms, and turn our banners, surrender unconditionally to the enemy and give them our parole of honor to fight them no more. If it is a matter of indifference to our people as to who shall control our State Government, or represent them in the National Councils, they can fold their arms and permit their strength to be frittered away in personal contests. If the Democratic or Conservative party has no higher object in view than to suffer itself to be used as a convenient spring-board from which political chieftains may throw themselves into power, it is not worth preserving, and the sooner it retires from the scene of action the better.

It has principles to defend—if it means to make itself a power in shaping the destinies of the country—if it means to confront and dispute the march of the dominant party in its inroads upon the government which our fathers left us—it must put on its whole armor, discipline its forces, close up its ranks and suppress all mutinies.

Let the people come to the front—take their own affairs into their own hands—perfect a thorough organization, and compel obedience to their behests.

Let all candidates who think their own personal aspirations of more importance than the success of their party, be given to understand that the people are in earnest and do not mean to tolerate any experiments upon their success, or to have strength divided in mere personal quarrels, and they will have harmony and weep the State by an overwhelming majority in November.

The Columbia (S. C.) *Phoenix* has the following harsh appeal to a conspicuous member of Congress:

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 7, '74.—Hon. R. B. Elliott, Member of Congress of the Third Congressional District of the State of South Carolina.—Please call at Felix Cardarelli's and settle your tailor's bill, which has been standing since January, 1872.

F. CARDARELLI.

A Kalamazoo (Mich.) Judge went to a neighboring town to see a man, and telegraphed back to his wife: "Have found Garland; won't be home in a week." When the despatch reached her it read: "Have found girl and won't be home in a week." Here let us draw a veil.

There is a man in Chicago who has lived with one wife ten years without a harsh word or a saucy answer ever having passed between them.

The chief detective at Reading, Pennsylvania, is charged with horse-stealing. He is getting ready to enter the Government secret service.

Choice Poetry.

The Mountain Shadow.

When down the drowsy summer sky,
The sun through western haze wheels,
O'er rocks, and stream, and wood and town,
The shadow of the mountain steals;
And, feeling up with cool, gray hand,
It quenches all the golden fires
That grow upon the rambling roofs,
And burn upon the village spires.

And on the restless mountain-field,
That break and mend in every breeze,
It creeps—and all the golden fires
As when the Master soothed the seas;
And meadow-birds come circling down,
My hills have lost their golden crest,
Ere yet the sun has spent 'tis fires,
And fades from out the naked west.

And as the shade comes creeping on,
The glooms grow purple in the glens;
And damp, dull breathings rise and float
From out the laurel's dusky fens;
And on, and on, it comes and steals,
With soundless, slow, but certain feet,
And gathers in the woods and fields,
And overwhelms the valley sweet.

A mellow charm is over all;
The rock upon your mountain's ledge
Had lost their frown as though some hand
Have gently soothed each rugged edge;
The fretful ponies their harness cast;
And fields where winds in many keys,
In jarring notes run, through and through,
Are stilled to gentle, hazy seas.

I stand within the mountain shade—
My sun is fading down the west—
My birds have circled to their homes—
My hills have lost their golden crest—
The shadow wraps the road I come;
And slowly, slowly, up the spire,
It lifts its solemn, steady hand,
To quench my soul's last, feeble fire.

O tender, death-presaging shade!
The rude and tough of vanished days,
The bitter wrongs, the vexing hates,
Are mellowed in thy dimming haze;
O lift thy shadow to mine eyes;
And, drifting o'er to dimmer seas,
All blind to life's harsh, jarring scenes;
This soul may go in perfect ease.

Newspaper Enterprise Extraordinary.

Some time since the editor of the Colorado *Herald* had occasion to leave town for a few days, and intrusted his organ to the care of a novice in journalism, instructing him to pile it on as thick as he could whenever he had a chance to advertise the *Herald*. He then went away, and the following night his wife died very suddenly.

This is now the assistant editor mentioned the circumstances:

Gone, but not forgotten!—We are compelled this morning to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor, who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the *Herald* a first-class journal. Last night death unexpectedly snatched from our domestic hearth (the best are advertised under the head of stoves and furnaces, upon our first page.) Mrs. Agatha P. Burnes, wife of Rufus P. Burnes, the gentlemanly editor of the *Herald*. (Terms, three dollars a year, invariably in advance.) A kind mother and exemplary wife. (Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs; knock hard.) "We shall miss thee." (Job printing solicited.) Funeral at four and a-half, from the house just across the street from the *Herald* office. (Advertising inserted for ten cents per square.)

A German citizen wants to know why it is that after an American visit and return from Europe, the people give fifty cents a head to hear him tell what he has seen and heard; but a native of the old country might remain here, he says, a hundred years, and not one of the same individuals would ask a word about the scenes and customs among which he had been reared. This is a hard hit, and there is a deal of good sense in the comparison. It is easily answered, however.

On Sunday last a hole was discovered in the dam of Scotch pond, near the manufacturing village of Lee, Mass. The prompt drawing off of the water saved a disaster which would have been ten fold worse than the one at Middlefield, as the pond is 200 feet above the village and only one and a half miles distant.

A Connecticut man, whose son was ill, appealed to the physician, "Do bring him out of it right away, doctor; do break up the fever at once, even if you charge as much as if he went through a whole course of fever."

A Scene Unparalleled.

A Rhinoceros on a Steamboat—An elephant to mortal combat—Antelope, Cattle, Horses and Men knocked overboard!

Last week, as the mammoth fleet of steamers employed to transport old John Robinson's Great World Exposition, approached the landing at Wyandotte, situated on the bank of the Ohio river, in West Virginia, an unusual commotion was observed to take place on board the flag-ship "Eric, No. 9."

Men, women and children were wildly running to and fro frantically shouting to the other steamers, while at the same time there arose series of shrieks, screams, yells and howls, as if all the inmates of pandemonium were loose.

The good people on shore were unable to make out the meaning and strange behavior of those on the steamers, but surmising that everything was not right among the animals in the menagerie, they very quickly concluded that the open levee was no place for them should any of the ferocious monsters make their way to the land, and quickly fled to their homes. In the meantime, Commodore John F. Robinson hoisted signals of distress, which were quickly responded to by the steamer Champion, Captain G. N. Robinson, also the steamer Argosy, Captain James Robinson, who ran along side the Eric, and were informed that an awful battle was raging between the huge double horned rhinoceros and the monster war elephant, Old Emperor. The ladies and children were quickly transferred to the steamers Champion and Argosy, and then the entire crew of the steamers armed themselves and went below to endeavor to separate the combatants.

As they reached that portion of the main deck just off the boilers, a horribly sickening sight met their view. Wounded, lying where they had been stricken down by the terrible brutes, dead, wounded and dying ponies strewed the deck in every direction; cages destroyed and literally smashed into fragments were scattered among the dead, wounded and dying, and the terrible din, shrieks, grunts and groans plainly told them that the battle was still raging. A total destruction of almost every cage on the boat seemed imminent. All efforts proved unavailing to separate the savage denizens of the forest. At this juncture a large crash was heard and the two cages containing the two monster sea-lions and the Labrador seals were driven overboard.

The veteran showman was as cool and collected as a man could be under those circumstances, when his property was going to destruction every moment by the thousand dollars. Not so with manager John J. Robinson, Jr., for when he saw his favorite seals and sea-lions being dashed overboard he cried: "Boys, I can't stand this, and we might as well attempt to kill one of these brutes before they ruin every cage on the boat." He then ordered to fire upon them, and heavy volleys were discharged, which had no more effect on the now thoroughly aroused and frightened monsters than to cause them to fight with more fury than before. The situation was getting each moment more dangerous for all on board, and the managers despaired of all hope, when it occurred to manager John to open the steam pipes and deluge them with steam.

The engineer quickly turned on the steam, and as it suddenly escaped from the boiler with a terrific roar, a shrill screech was heard from the elephant, such as they always utter in crying for mercy when conquered in their native wilds. Whether the elephant had received his death blow from the rhinoceros or was frightened into submission by the steam, could not be ascertained until the steam cleared away, which it did in a few moments, disclosing to the astonished gaze of the showman a curious and gratifying sight. There lay the elephant on the deck cowering, trembling, down, and all but further on was the rhinoceros, snugly encoined in his cage, where he had retreated when the steam was opened upon him.

The attendants sprang forward and closed and bolted the door of his cage, thus securing themselves from further molestations from him.

Five horses were found dead as also were three ponies, and four more so badly maimed and wounded, that they were killed in mercy, to end their pain.